ATTENTION

SEXUAL ORIENTED
MATERIAL ENCLOSED.

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PARASITE

PARASITE

A QUESTION OF CONSENT
Peter Laufer
(Mercury House)

CHILDHOOD'S THIEF
Rose Mary Evans, M.S.W.
(Macmillan)

HUNGRY GHOSTS
Mary Taylor Previte
(Zondervan)

WOMEN WHO HURT THEMSELVES
Dusty Miller
(Basic Books)

MAMA

Open wider you cunt.
Stretch that fucking hole.
Now stick out that tongue
stick it out
Stick it out you cunt
you fucking beast
lick it
lick that stinking thing cunt
You fucking cunt
You cheap fucking pig
cunt
Tell me you like it
Tell me you like it
Tell me you like it cunt
you fucking cunt
you fat stretched marked slut
you beast
You like that thing?
say it
You know how many mouths I fucked with this thing?
You know how many holes I shot my load into?
you know how many ugly cunts ate my cum?
do you cunt?
you know how many pig?
Can you taste them?
Can you taste all those other pigs like yourself?
Does it taste like all the faggots and cheap fucking whores and your little baby sister?
Does it pig?
You beast. You fucking worm. You fucking slut pig cunt
Suck it
Press in those ugly made up cheeks of yours and suck and lick and suck fucking lick it. You monster.
You cunting pig
Tell me you want it
lick those balls
Suck 'em in your hole beast

Of course, you're hard to convince.

There's just too much. Too many needs and prejudices: VOCAL to I BELIEVE THE CHILDREN to Father Ritter's minor indiscretions.

And everyone is fucking their sons and daughters and students and playground loners. And stunted Breeders' midnight horror stories and praying to satan or great marble dicks set out in the dark deserts of Arizona.

The new issue of ridiculous conspiracy zine PARANOIA (vol. 2, no. 2) swears that the McMartin Preschool had tunnels.

Jaclyn Dowaliby's seven year old corpse was buried with a goodbye letter written by mother. It read in part:

OUR HEARTS CRIED OUT FOR YOU EVERYDAY. I AM STILL ACHING INSIDE BECAUSE I MISS MY LITTLE GIRL AND WANT HER BACK. SO, IF YOU CAN SOMEHOW GIVE YOURSELF BACK TO ME IN ANY WAY, LIKE MY DREAMS, I WILL BE AT TOTAL PEACE IN MY HEART. I WILL DO MY BEST. YOU'RE MY ANGEL. I KNOW YOU LIKED THAT MOVIE, "DATE WITH AN ANGEL". YOU WERE THAT ANGEL SENT UP TO GOD FOR ETERNAL PEACE. (GONE IN THE NIGHT by

what's my sweat taste like pig?
Huh -can you taste my sweat and shit and piss when you lick my stinky balls -huh, all the slimy sweaty hair you cheap fucking slut
You want me to piss on you?
do you?
you want me to cum and piss in your hole?
Or your cheap ugly pig's face
I'll wash that grease right down your hole, pig.
You wanna taste what you buy for me?
You wanna lick that cheap tacky crap you spend all your money on you cunting piece of worthless fuck...
tell me you can taste my piss
Tell me you want it
Tell me you want to lick every yellow drop of piss out the end of my piss hole
Tell me cunt.
lick it
Stick your tongue in
All the way in cunt, don't make me tell you.
Lick it.
and suck
suck it cunt
Look at those flabby bags
Look at yourself whore
you filthy pig
you washed up old whore
You're disgusting with my filthy cock and balls in your hole
You like it when I fuck your mouth?
You like it when I pump my balls into your face?
When my hair and thighs burn your withered whore's neck and chin -your old withered whore's face
Use your hand cunt.
milk that thing
stick your tongue out
stick your tongue out and wiggle it at the end of my dick
just lick it
lick the head
Harder.
Jerk it harder.
and keep that hole open
wider
wider you pig I want it to hurt
wider
I want to cream all down that sewer hole in your head.
I want to see you swallow it, I want to see you choke on that shit, you cheap fucking hole
[illegible]ck
[illegible]w lick
[illegible]n't suck, lick you stupid cow
You fat beast.
You ugly old whore
you filthy fucking old pig beast
I can smell your cheap cunt all over you
you fat old hole
you cow
lick
Jerk.
faster
lick goddamnit
lick it
You monster.

David Protess & Rob Warden, Delacorte Press)

Cynthia and her husband, David, have now been cleared of all charges regarding their daughter's death.

Dodd had photos and kept a diary.

Parades of chanting goons, their hard-ons peeking out from the seams in long black robes, marching through their neighbor's living room where little baby Melinda lies spread-eagled and sweating, just fucking ruins it for you.

And if it's not white eyes and latin tongues, then it's transatlantic plane rides and boxes of missing videos. Kills it dead.

But. Maybe. What if the therapists aren't just money-hungry con men preying on the stupidity of white trash zombies, but rather dedicated fools who're able to alchemize their good intentions and perverse imaginations with the clawing desperation of human waste cases into some REAL damage.

Video footage of some mildly scared and disturbed middle-ager, over weeks of therapy, turns from blank confusion to crying jags to frantic shrieking to unstoppable self-mutilation and wild barking anger.

Rumination on all sorts of little forced open orifices can be more than an excuse. More than a beleaguered mind-set

"Betty Harris" is the name given to an eighteen year-old retarded girl who was raped by four high school students from Glen Ridge, New Jersey. The crime gained national interest when it was revealed that (among other sensational aspects like the boys had a crowd of admirers and that the rape included a baseball bat, dirty stick and a broomhandle) the boys' defense would be based on the argument that Betty wanted to have sex with the boys -the so-called "Lolita Defense". Obviously, the case would become a feminist cause and would be a pivotal case in regards to opinions on everything from Date Rape to the nature of male puberty (one defense lawyer particularly angered Mr. Laufer with his "boys will be boys" statement) and the rights and actualities of mental defectives.

Mr. Laufer does a good job in presenting the crime as it happened and, more importantly, as it quickly snowballed out of control. Betty Harris is virtually served up on a platter where her simple reality makes the actual rape seem almost secondary:

THIS IS A PATHETIC EIGHT YEAR-OLD IN A WOMAN'S BODY. HOW COULD SHE CONSENT?

BETTY HARRIS DOES NOT BELIEVE THAT SHE IS MENTALLY RETARDED. IF YOU EVER WERE TO TELL BETTY HARRIS THAT SHE IS MENTALLY RETARDED, SHE WOULDN'T BELIEVE THAT. SHE WANTS TO BE NORMAL, AND SHE WANTS TO BE ACCEPTED....SHE WANTED TO BE SOMEONE WHO COULD GO OUT ON DATES LIKE NORMAL TEENAGE GIRLS DO.

"IF I WAS RETARDED, I COULDN'T ANSWER THESE QUESTIONS, I WOULDN'T KNOW WHAT I WAS TALKING ABOUT."

Laufer includes the victim's drawings of the crime and a psychological profile. He reports her graphic testimony:

"...was something inside your mouth?"
HIS BALLS
"And where exactly was your face at this point?"
IT WAS ON HIS BALLS
"And where was his penis?"
IN MY MOUTH
THEY WANTED TO SUCK MY TITS -BOOBS.
I JERKED THEM OFF, THEN I SUCKED THEM -THEIR DICKS- BEFORE I DID IT.

Laufer tends to explain exactly what he thinks the reader should feel -which isn't necessarily a bad thing, when it means that the bias is towards exploiting the living victimization of an accident waiting to happen.

And he takes his case everywhere. From MS Magazine's position on Date Rape to the opinions of local kids playing ball in the schoolyard. He ropes in Susan Brownmiller, Susie Bright (for fuck's sake), Neil Gilbert and marches around Camille Paglia. And all to constantly smash the horror, the pain, the destruction ...the violation... that rape is again and again and again- into that thick skull of yours.

But he knows that the real story is not at the end of a baseball bat wrapped in plastic and smeared in vaseline, or in the drops of spit across a feminist's breakfast table. It's not in the white rule of the neighborhood or in a cheap lawyerly shock tactic. Yet he knows how important all of that is.

The foreground of this busy portrait is filled to the edges with the victim.

HER RETARDATION SEEMED TO HAVE SAVED HER FROM FEELING THE ONGOING FEAR AND PARANOIA SUFFERED BY MANY RAPE VICTIMS LONG AFTER THE CRIME AGAINST THEM IS ADJUDICATED.

Even if she doesn't know it. Or if anyone can ever teach her. Or if that day in the basement with the cocks in her mouth, and the wood in her cunt, and the tasteless manipulation of mind and spirit never even happened. Or how her brain can handle the information. Or if she'll ever be allowed to live on her own. Or have a child, or should she.

Close your eyes and pretend the face you're fucking isn't your wife. It's a hooker or a boy or a retard. And maybe they want it and maybe they don't. Maybe you're raping it or maybe you're not.

Now open your eyes and look down.

HER GRANDPA, SHE SAID, WOULD PUSH HER FORWARD ACROSS THE EDGE OF THE BED, HER FEET DANGLING OVER THE SIDE, AND HOLD HER IN PLACE WITH HIS HAND JUST BELOW HER NECK AS HE SODOMIZED HER. SHE HAD NEVER BEEN ABLE TO STAND ANY PRESSURE OF CLOTHING OR ANYTHING ELSE THERE. AND NOW SHE UNDERSTOOD WHY.

Mary Taylor Previte's HUNGRY GHOSTS is full of another set of whys. And, of course, a whole new batch of syrupy hope.

Mary was raised by missionaries and spent part of her childhood in a Chinese concentration camp. It is her belief that these experiences give her job of running a juvenile detention center in New Jersey a unique perspective.

As a voice for the disaffected children at the center, Mary decided to publish a journal called WHAT'S HAPPENING. And HUNGRY GHOSTS is in large part a collection of these stories -privately dictated by the kids in the sanctity and safety of Mary's office. Being a devout christian, Mary's editing job bears all the marks of a martyr forced to knuckle-under beneath the fierce weight of stark reality and harsh immorality. Naturally, the stories are worth telling because the kids are worth saving. You know she hates the titles she has to give the stories: BLOOD IN THE MIRROR/DREAMS GOING UP LIKE SMOKE/RAPE ON A SATURDAY NIGHT/IF MY FATHER WOULD'VE BEEN NEXT TO ME/HOOKING IS HARD WORK/MY STEPFATHER RAPED ME/TEENAGE MOTHER/LOVE (SEX) IN THE FAMILY. And it must pain her immeasurably to repeat:

MELINDA IS BLACK. HER TWO FRONT TEETH ARE MISSING. HER FATHER KICKED THEM OUT, DOWN IN A SHADOWY BASEMENT WHEN SHE WOULDN'T SWALLOW HIS SEMEN.

DOWN IN THE DARKNESS, PROWLING MEN PAY FOR SEX WITH THIS PREGNANT CHILD.

...SEEING STRANGE MEN PARADE THROUGH THE HOUSE TO HAVE SEX WITH THEIR MOMS.

...SHE TRADED HER ELEVEN-YEAR OLD DAUGHTER BY THE HOUR TO MEN FOR A HIT OF COCAINE.

But another part of HUNGRY GHOSTS is Mary's story. Her beliefs and faith and drive and "mission to change their world". And it's this part that kills absolutely everything.

Because Mary is just another talking head -complete with god on her shoulder. Everything she says sounds like a news blip. Her lily white talking head spills out one headline after another; each one like the one before, like the ones you've heard too many times before. Only sentences where paragraphs might have meant more -might have, had the stories not been as trite as the actions and statistics proved. Fake shock begat and propped up by fake moralism and concern. Mary Taylor Previte floats through HUNGRY GHOSTS like god itself: safe, explained, untouched and distant.

Maybe the idea of lost, suffering children being sold on temporary chimeras like god and love will appeal to some. But, certainly, that appeal would be focused on being there when the panaceas wear out -not when the fooled bleat and hawk and point at their fishbowl.

But what about the typical -the everyday story- that makes up all these little thrills and swallows up all of one's time? Is it just jaded old age that insists that greater perversions be provided now that the more common fare don't make it any more? Is the rape of children that lays in the sediment of the cases in CHILDHOOD'S THIEF, WOMEN WHO HURT THEMSELVES and HUNGRY GHOSTS just too common now to excite in an immediate way? Do the cameras have to be on all the time? Do the reporters have to rely on full autopsies now, where inference or just the slightest mention would have been enough for a spark? Is it all too much gangsta rap? Current Affair? Are we too bloated? Too fat? Hungry?

Does a blow-job have to be forced to bring you to orgasm?

Does it have to feature AIDS?

Does it have to include a money shot?

Or a child?

Or drugs?

A mother searching in the background?

A feminist theory?

Or a withered, middle-aged hag with crows-feet and a need for reassurance?

Or a retard?

Or a group of high school students standing around, watching, laughing, pointing and encouraging?

A QUESTION OF CONSENT by Peter Laufer goes a long way to convince.

faster
Now lick.
get it all.
you monster
don't close that hole
Don't close that fucking hole you pig I'll cut it right out of your head.
right in there
right in that sewer
All of it
you cunt
you fucking cunt
you fucking cunt
you fucking fat ugly filthy fucking cunt
lick that shit off
lick it all off
suck it clean
lick your ugly fat lips you whore
Just like one.
You worthless beast.
huh -you like it huh?
You like the way that slime tastes?
How my bowels taste?
my waste
the jism that belongs in a toilet?
my guts
my shit
you like the way it smells inside you?
lick it all up
you pig

Maybe it depends on how far you gotta reach. How much shit you get on you and how much of it sticks on you when you pull out. How much stink sticks to your body -your personality, your guts, yourself- when you lift on back out of the garbage can. How deep you had to reach and how quick you can walk away. And maybe how big -how good- the piece you pulled out is. How you found it. What you had to do for a look. What you were willing to do. Or compelled, forced, driven ...lusted, needed, wanted; how it mattered or didn't. What mom might think if she knew and how you tried to cover it up.

Like watching THE PIANO just for the one scene. Hoping that little darling takes her clothes -all those fucking clothes- off; maybe in a washtub scene or a sleeping scene or pleasegodbrutalfuckingrape with fingers and a fist baby rape scene. And being happy -sated, pleased, tamed- with that wonderful little scene in the cupboard. Just the scream. All tears and terror and Hollywood Award tantrum fear darling.

Like the autopsy scene in MEN BEHIND THE SUN. The rats and the cat. The rats on fire. But that tiny penis when the boy hops up on that table. That little uncircumcised innocence standing -poking and wiggling- slightly up on that compact ball sack bunch.

Or the wonderful acting. Nothing more than acting this time, no body parts, no reality, no cute face or dick to move you; no darling bud. Just the craft. Just the fantasy. Meryl Streep making SOPHIE'S CHOICE between the two babies and the dark SS genius.

Ever wait too long?

Or pay too much?

upset on destruction and pain and hurt and revenge. It can be an effect. A cancer. A sadistic trouncing of the open and powerless. Or maybe just the easily-led who would hardly matter otherwise.

What you need, then: Isn't facts from doctors or christians or artists or otherwise biased reporters. What you want is words from the victims. And to know that the very words spoken might be more powerful, more real, than the acts described.

I AM NOW STARTING TO REMEMBER OTHER EPISODES OF ABUSE, SOME INVOLVING STRANGE MEN WHO FORCED ME TO HAVE SEX WITH THEM WHILE YOU WATCHED WITH APPARENT SATISFACTION. AND I REMEMBER SOME OF THEM SHOVING THINGS IN ME LIKE BROOM HANDLES AND HURTING ME IN UNSPEAKABLE WAYS. HYPNOSIS HAS HELPED ME REMEMBER, AND NOW I KNOW HOW SICK YOU ARE AND HOW DAMAGED I AM.

(SUGGESTIONS OF ABUSE by Michael D. Yapko, Ph.D., Simon & Schuster)

SHE STARTED TO TALK ABOUT SCHOOL, THEN SHE BEGAN SHOVING HER FINGERS IN HER VAGINA, TAKING HER FINGERS OUT, PUTTING THEM IN HER MOUTH AND PRETENDING SHE WAS EATING. THEN SHE DID IT WITH HER ANUS.

(ON TRIAL by Billie Wright Dziech and Judge Charles B. Schudson, Beacon Press)

Or regret the experience?

Let it haunt you? Fight the voices in your head and try to convince yourself that the spittle that stretched from the end of his dick back to your drooly mouth wasn't cum. Wasn't pre-cum. Wasn't AIDS. And you can't get it from a blow-job either way, depending what side you're on 'cause it doesn't enter the blood stream that way.

And pat your wife on her flabby ass and thank her for the suck. And thanks for playing along.

And her ugly dugs don't look too bad now that you sunk a load into her gullet in the dark while you thought of someone else, either back in school or at work or on the screen or anybody; anybody else.

And she let you play along.

Stroked your fat leg while she listened to your insults and didn't even bother to roll her eyes. Just played the perfect host; the perfect hole for your little indiscretions.

'Cause maybe it didn't bother her.

It doesn't take that long.

And the benefits are good.

And you don't really mean it.

And it's not all the time.

And it's soon forgotten.

And rarely considered.

And maybe it's just not worth the bother.

Words are easy. So is the acting. The convincing. The cheap dues to live out a fantasy.

JUST AS HER FATHER HAD FORCED HER TO HAVE ORAL SEX, KAREN FORCED UNCOMFORTABLE, SICKENING AMOUNTS OF FOOD DOWN HER THROAT.

Cheap.

Some psychiatrist wants to tell you her story. Or worse; she wants to hold your hand and talk down to you like some Montessori pet.

THE FOLLOWING EXCERPT OF KAREN'S INCEST MEMORY CONTAINS ALL THE ELEMENTS FROM WHICH THE COMMON CYCLE OF THOUGHTS, FEELINGS, AND BEHAVIOR IS FORMED. IT IS DIFFICULT READING, LIKELY TO AROUSE NAUSEA, FEAR, SORROW AND ANGER. BUT THE PAINFUL EXPERIENCE OF READING IT CAN HELP IN BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND HOW THE TRS WOMAN IS ABLE TO HARM HER OWN BODY.

TRS is Trauma Reenactment Syndrome, a term author Dusty Miller uses to explain the impulse behind why women might be compelled to hurt themselves. And hurt to psychologist Dusty contains everything from razor-slashing to smoking. Her book, WOMEN WHO HURT THEMSELVES, is her gift to the women of the title. A voice for the poor wretches and a guide to help them overcome their problems. Dusty charts the problems of four particular women who embody all the horrors of self-mutilation: There's the cutter, the alcoholic, the bulimic, and the plastic surgery fanatic.

Dusty does it just like you'd expect. Acknowledges the tremendous success of therapy, of twelve-step programs, and her own ground breaking work in a new field: she defines her new terms, separates TRS from the other dissociative traumas and digs down into the psychic well of childhood tortures that causes all this pain for all these poor innocents.

IT MAKES SENSE THAT THE SMALL CHILD WILL GROW UP ASSUMING THAT PAIN EQUALS CONNECTEDNESS.

Details.

AFTER MY FATHER FIRST STARTED TO ABUSE ME, I BEGAN GETTING INFECTIONS. I WENT TO MY MOTHER TO ASK HER TO FIX THE ITCHING BETWEEN MY LEGS.

MY FATHER HOLDS ME WHILE THE OTHER MAN OPENS HIS PANTS. ONCE, I FELT LIKE I HURT ALL OVER WHEN I WOKE UP -THE BED WAS WET AND YUCKY. (...) I CAUGHT A DISEASE FROM MY DAD ABOUT A YEAR AGO. (REMEMBERING SATAN by Lawrence Wright, Knopf)

I GUESS CAL WOULD LIKE TO BE ABLE TO TOUCH ME MORE. HE'S NOT INTERESTED IN DOING FUNKY THINGS LIKE THE ANAL SEX. I GUESS IT'S JUST THAT I CAN'T RELAX. I'M SO TENSE ALL THE TIME. AND OFTEN MY HEAD OR MY CHEST HURTS DURING SEX. LIKE I'M BEING CRUSHED. AND IF CAL WAKES ME UP TO HAVE SEX, I CAN'T FUNCTION AT ALL. THEN I CAN'T GO BACK TO SLEEP EITHER. (LESSONS IN EVIL, LESSONS FROM THE LIGHT by Gail Carr Feldman, Ph.D., Crown)

"Will you tell us what Ray did in the green house?"

HE PUT HIS FINGER AND HIS PENIS IN MY VAGINA AND MY BOTTOM. (THE ABUSE OF INNOCENCE by Paul & Shirley Eberle, Prometheus)

I HAD TO KISS ILIANA'S BUTT. I HAD TO PLAY WITH FRANK'S PENIS A LOT. I'D BITE ON IT. HE'D PEE IN MY MOUTH, AND IT DIDN'T TASTE GOOD, AND EVERYBODY HAD TO WATCH. (UNSPEAKABLE ACTS by Jan Hollingsworth, Congdon & Weed)

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HE TOUCHES ME AND TOUCHES HIMSELF. MY FATHER HOLDS MY LEGS APART WHILE THE MAN RAPES ME. I DON'T REMEMBER MAKING ANY NOISE, NO SCREAMS, NO CRYING UNTIL THEY LEAVE

These acts, these fucks, mean more than simple orgasms. They're the gift that keeps on giving. These women want to hurt themselves. They can't get dad's dick out of their face -even if they can't see it all that clearly now. They must eat and needle and drink and slice and cry and moan and lose sleep and fight and fight and succeed and relapse and remember and live the day to day to day pain.

So the mind-set is what's important. And the details not plentiful or graphic enough. And the rumination too contrived, too easy and typical. Masticated. Lazy. Lazy like women who need attention or a pat on the head as an excuse to hang their hair shirts on. Like a boyfriend to hold hands. Or a psychologist that listens and loves and cares and burps for pay.

You've heard it all before. Long before.

So what you want is more of it. Some weeping psychotic mess with a razor and a closet and glossed over eyes that drip in time to dad's pumping huge gland and thick veiny hairy hands and fingers and the blood on the sheets and in the edges of her baby mouth when she catches her bright red tomato face in the mirror before mama gets home.

But you don't get it.

Even though you reached all the way down to the bottom of the garbage can. Just scraps. You need more. Next time. One story. One long story that covers everything and doesn't pretend fat is dad's fault. Details!

HE WAS UNBUTTONING HIS PANTS! "I HAVE THIS BIG OLD THING FOR YOU! YOU COME ON TO YOUR OLD GRANDPA NOW AND I'LL GIVE YOU SOMETHING GOOD!"

A little baby in Georgia.

A little baby girl fucked by her grandpa and sold as a prostitute by her mother. A first grader even.

HOW I GOT THE RIBBONS FOR SUCKING THE MAN AND TOUCHING HIM IN HIS PANTS.

HE WAS ABSOLUTELY FURIOUS AT THE IDEA OF ME SUCKING TOO HARD AND HURTING HIM WHEN HE WAS FEELING SO GOOD. HE BALLED UP HIS FIST AND HIT ME IN THE SIDE OF THE HEAD AS HARD AS HE COULD.

Of course, the little baby had to forget. Had to become a woman and develop all sorts of problems and find a therapist who would help that little baby heal. An angel named Rose Mary Evans, M.S.W.

And the angel would also heal. She'll come to terms with her lesbianism and her place in society. And there will be understanding. And the angel will give the woman a fake name and tell all the world her incredible story:

About how the little girl became a troubled woman.

And how she unlocked the secrets and pain.

And how corroboration isn't that important when the story is as meaty as this. Or when the trouble, like having a drug-addicted son, is that severe.

And how the little southern girl found a black family to take care of her. And how the whole fucking book is then reduced to annoying Mark Twain/Nick Cave nigger talk jokes.

I ASK HONEY IF THE LORD BE MAD AT THEM BADDIES? I ASK HER DO THE LORD BEAT SHIT OUTTA THEM?

But what are details if the story is all pain? If the entire time you're reading sentence after sentence of cheap psychology and phony need and brutally tacky dramatics, your head is swimming with the root cause of it all. Even if she goes all the way back to birth (I WAS JUST AN HOURS' OLD BABY WHEN HE PUSHED ME AWAY) and finds her way into a murder of a child prostituting pimp whose throat she slashed. What if the woman's damage is so deep that the details need only be true to her? Whatever the reality?

And maybe her fantasy; her fetish-thinking could be even greater if she didn't believe it. Her imagination just poured out enough porno to keep it legal.

HE JUST LOOKS AT ME ANGRILY WITH HIS BLUE FISH EYES AND TELLS ME TO SUCK IT. SUCK HIS THING. THAT'S ALL HE CARES ABOUT, NOT IF I WANT TO DO IT. HE IS TOO BUSY THINKING OF HIS THING AND HOW HE WANTS TO FEEL BETTER. SUCK IT! SUCK IT HARD BABY. SHUT UP YOUR GODDAM CRYING!

Too McMartin, too Jordan and Kelly Michaels. Too christian TV cartoon. A fantasy made up by a fantasy -a useless, quivering wreck desperate to be a useless, quivering wreck. Lies: